

A  
SHORT ACCOUNT  
OF  
GOD'S DEALINGS  
WITH

Mr. JOHN HAIME.

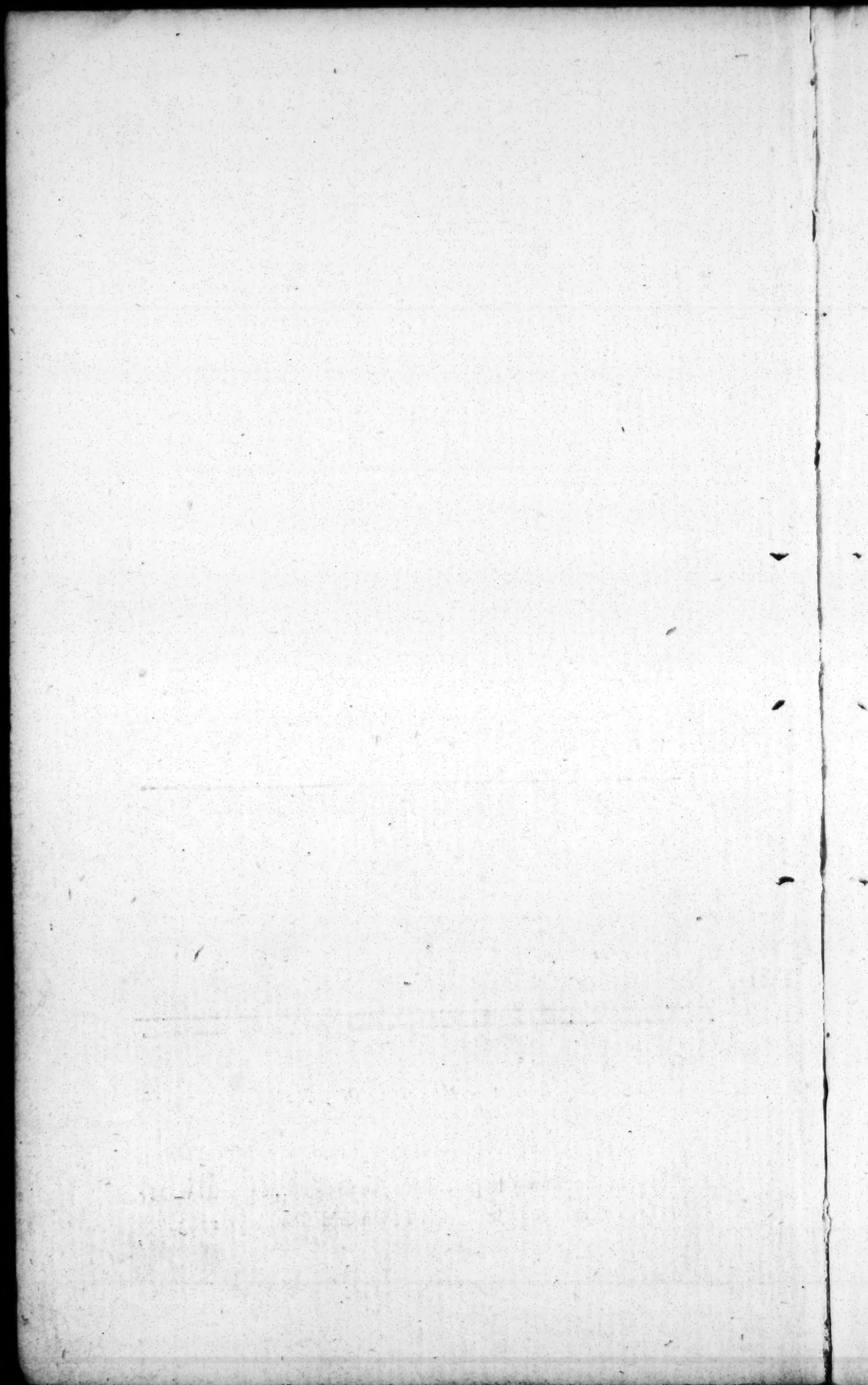
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A S H O R T  
A C C O U N T, &c.

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1. **I** Was born at *Shaftsbury, Dorsetshire*, in 1710. My Father followed Gardening, and brought me up to the same employment, for several years, but I did not like it, and longed for some business, that would allow me more liberty. In the mean time, I was very undutiful to my Parents, and much given to Cursing, Swearing, Lying, and Sabbath-breaking. But I was not easy in this way, being often afraid, that the Devil would carry me away.

2. I was then placed with my Uncle to learn to make Buttons. I liked this well at first, but was soon tired of it. However, I stayed out the year. But my Uncle then removing to *Blandford*, I was out of business. I wrought in many places, but stayed in none, being like the troubled sea, that cannot rest. After some time, I went to my Uncle at *Blandford*, and wrought with him about a quarter of a year. But still I found no satisfaction in any thing, neither in working, eating, drinking, nor even in sleeping; though neither I myself, nor any of my acquaintance could imagine what was the matter with me.

3. Some time after, as I was working alone, the Devil broke in upon me, with reasonings concerning the being of a God, till my senses were almost gone. He then so strongly tempted me, to blaspheme God, that I could not withstand. He then told me, "Thou art inevitably damned." And I readily believed him. For I thought, though I have not cursed God, outwardly, yet he looketh at the heart. This consideration made me sink into despair, as a stone in the mighty waters.

4. I now began to wander about by the river side, and through woods and solitary places, many times looking up to heaven with an heart ready to break, thinking I had no part there. I thought every one happy but myself: the Devil continually telling me, there was no mercy for me. Yet I thought it was hard, to be banished for ever from the presence of a merciful God. I cried to him for help; but I found no relief; it seemed to be all in vain. So I said, like the men of *Judah*, *There is no hope*; and then gave the reins to my evil desires; not caring which end went foremost, but giving myself up again to wicked company, and all their evil ways.

5. If at any time I grew uneasy again, I stifled it by drinking, swearing, card-playing, lewdness, and the like works of darkness, which I then pursued with all greediness. And I was hastening on when the great, tremendous God, met me as a lion in the way, and his holy Spirit whom I had been so long grieving, returned with greater force than ever. I had no rest day or night. I was afraid to go to bed, lest the Devil should fetch me away before morning.

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I was afraid to shut my eyes, lest I should awake in hell. I was terrified when asleep; sometimes dreaming that many Devils were in the room, ready to take me away; sometimes that the world was at an end, and I was not ready to appear before the Judge of quick and dead. At other times I thought I saw the world on fire, and the wicked left to burn therein, with myself among them, and when I awoke, my senses were almost gone.

6. I was often on the point of destroying myself, and was stopped, I know not how. Then did I weep bitterly: I moaned like a dove; I chattered like a swallow. But I thought, though my anguish is very great, it is not like those who are lifting up their eyes in torments. Then, for a few moments, I felt thankfulness to God. But still the thoughts of death and judgment followed me close for upwards of two years, till all my bodily strength was gone. Returning home one day, and sitting down in a chair, my Mother observing my pale look and low voice, asked, "What is the matter with you?" But I durst not tell her: so I turned it off.

7 One night as I was going to bed, I durst not lie down without prayer. So falling upon my knees, I began to consider, "What can I pray for?" I have neither the will nor the power to do any thing good. Then it darted into my mind, "I will not pray; neither will I be beholden to God for mercy." I arose from my knees, without prayer; and laid me down; but not in peace. I never had such a night before. I was as if my very body had been in a fire: and I had a hell in my conscience. I was thoroughly persuaded, the Devil was in the

room: and I fully expected every moment, that he would be let loose upon me. I judged myself to be one of the worst creatures that God ever made. I thought, I had sinned beyond the reach of mercy. Yet all this time I kept to the church, though I was often afraid to go, lest the church or the tower should fall upon me.

8. In Spring, I was employed by a Tanner, to go with his carriage, and fetch dried bark. As I was returning by myself, I was violently tempted to blaspheme, yea, and hate God: till at length, having a stick in my hand, I threw it towards heaven against God, with the utmost enmity. Immediately I saw in the clear element, a creature like a Swan, but much larger, part black, part brown. It flew at me, and went just over my head. Then it went about forty yards, lighted on the ground and stood staring upon me. This was in a clear day, about twelve o'clock: I strove to pray, but could not. At length God opened my mouth. I hastened home, praying all the way, and earnestly resolving to sin no more. But I soon forgot my resolution, and multiplied my sins, as the sands on the sea-shore.

9. To compleat all, I enlisted myself a soldier, in the Queen's Regiment of Dragoons. When we marched for *Gloucester*, on Christmas-day in the morning, 1739: the thoughts of parting with all my friends, my wife, and children, were ready to break my heart. My sins likewise came all to my remembrance, and my troubles increased night and day. Nevertheless, when I became acquainted with my comrades, I soon returned as a dog to the vomit. Yet God soon renewed my good desires. I began to read and  
pray,

pray, and go to church every day. But frequently I was so tempted there, that it was as much as I could do, to avoid blaspheming aloud. Satan suggested, "Curse him, curse him!" perhaps an hundred times. My heart as often replied, "No! No! No." Then he suggested, "Thou hast sinned against the Holy Ghost." But I still cried unto God, though the deep waters flowed over me, and despair closed me in on every side.

10. Soon after we marched to camp at *King's-Clear* in *Hampshire*. Thence we removed to winter-quarters at *Farringdon*. I was still deeply miserable through sin; but not conqueror over it. This was still my language,

"Here I repent, and sin again:  
Now I revive, and now am slain!  
Slain with the same unhappy dart,  
Which Oh! too often wounds my heart!"

11. After this, I quartered at *Highworth*, in *Wiltshire*. Among many old books which were here I found one, entitled "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." I read it with the utmost attention, and found his case nearly resembled my own. Having soon after orders to march for *Scotland*, we marched the first day to *Banbury*, where I found again, in a Bookseller's shop, "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." I bought it, and thought it the best book I ever saw: and again I felt some hopes of mercy. In every town where we stayed, I went to church. But I did not hear what I wanted: *Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.*

12. Being



12. Being come to *Alnwick*, Satan desired to have me, that he might sift me as wheat. And the hand of the Lord came upon me with such weight, as made me roar for very anguish of spirit. I could truly say, *The arrows of the Almighty are within me; the poison whereof drinketh up my spirits.* Many times I stopped in the street, afraid to go one step farther, lest I should step into hell. Then I cried unto the Lord and said, "*Why hast thou set me as a mark? Let loose thy hand and cut me off, that I sin no more against thee.*" I said, "*Is thy mercy clean gone for ever? And must I perish at the last? Save, Lord, or I perish!*" But there was no answer. So all hope was cut off.

13. I now read, and fasted, and went to church, and prayed seven times a day. One day, as I walked by the *Tweed* side, I cried out aloud, being all athirst for God, "Oh that thou wouldst hear my prayer, and let my cry come up before thee!" The Lord heard: he sent a gracious answer: he lifted me up out of the dungeon. He took away all my sorrow and fear, and filled my soul with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The stream glided sweetly along, and all nature seemed to rejoice with me. I was truly free; and had I had any to guide me, I need never more have come into bondage. But I was so ignorant, I thought I should know war no more. I began to be at ease in *Sion*, and forgot to watch and pray, till God laid his hand upon me again. I then again went mourning all the day-long: till one Sunday, as I was going to church, I stood still, like a condemned criminal before his Judge and said, "Lord what am I going to church for! I have nothing to bring or offer thee,



thee, but sin and a deceitful heart." I had no sooner spoke than my heart melted within me, and I cried earnestly to him for mercy. But suddenly something ran through my veins, cold as ice. I was afraid to stay, arose and left the room. But reflecting, that God is above the Devil, I went in again. I fell down before the Lord, with bitter cries and tears, till my strength failed me, and it was with difficulty I could walk out of the room.

14. The next morning as I was going to water my horse, just as he entered the river, in a moment I felt the love of God flowing into my soul. Instantly all pain and sorrow fled away. No fear of hell or the Devil was left; but love to God and all mankind now filled my ravished soul. As the people with whom I quartered had often the Bible and other good books in their hands, I told them what God had done for my soul: but they understood me not. However I doubted not, but my comrade would rejoice with me, being counted a religious man. But I was disappointed again. His answer was, "Take care; for Satan can transform himself into an angel of light." Thus finding none who was able to give me any instruction or direction, I soon got into unprofitable reasonings, which damped my fervour, so that in a little time, I was again in heaviness.

15. Soon after I was sent with the camp equipage to *London*. The next day I marched for *Leith*. I had scarce set out, when God was pleased to reveal himself in a most comfortable manner to my soul. And my comfort increased all the day, so that I hardly knew how I went. We waited for the ship seven days. During  
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this time I was off my watch again : so that before we sailed, I was weak, and like another man. For two days we had pleasant weather : but on the third the wind suddenly rose, attended with furious rain. The seas frequently covered the ship, and in the midst of our distress, broke in the main hatches. I was not (as *Jonah*) *asleep in the sides of the ship*, but was just at my wits end. I uttered a lifeless prayer with many tears, expecting every moment the sea to be my grave. I was grieved, that I had so abused the goodness of God, and troubled beyond expression. The storm lasted two days and two nights : then God was pleased to still the winds and seas.

16. At our arrival in *London* I was somewhat refreshed in spirit, being truly thankful, that I was out of hell. But I was soon in the depth of despair again, afraid of dropping into hell every moment. Soon after I went to hear Mr. *Cennick*, (then one of Mr *Whitefield's* Preachers) at *Deptford*. Coming back, I told him the distress of my soul. He said, "The work of the Devil is upon you," and rode away ! It was of the tender mercies of God, that I did not put an end to my life. I cried, O Lord, my punishment is greater than I can bear !

17. Yet I thought, if I must be damned myself, I will do what I can that others may be saved. So I began to reprove open sin, whenever I saw or heard it, and to warn the ungodly, that if they did not repent, they would surely perish. But if I found any that were weary and heavy laden, I told them to wait upon the Lord, and he would renew their strength. Yet I found no strength myself, till reading one day,  
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in what manner God manifested himself to Mr. *Cennick*. I cried out "Lord, if there be any mercy for *me*, reveal it to me!" I was answered by so strong an impression on my heart, as left me without a doubt, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Immediately my soul melted within me, and I was filled with joy unspeakable.

18. Having joined my Regiment again, we marched to *Colchester*. Here I found much peace, and communion with God, which humbled me to the dust. Our next remove was to *Brentford*, where I had the happiness of hearing Mr. *Charles Wesley* preach. When the service was over, I had a great desire of speaking to him, but knew not how to be so bold. Yet taking courage, I ventured to tell him my situation of mind. He gave me much encouragement, and bid me go on and not fear, neither be dismayed at any temptation. His words sunk deep, and were a great blessing to me, for several years after.

19. Soon after we had an order to march for *Flanders*. This threw me into fresh reasoning. The thought of leaving my country, and the dangers ensuing by sea and land, sat heavy upon my spirit. I soon lost my peace, nay, and my hope too. I know I had *tasted of the good word, and of the powers of the world to come*. Yet this gave me no comfort. Nay, it aggravated my sorrow, to think of losing all that God had done for me. But the more I struggled, the deeper I sunk, till I was quite swallowed up of sorrow. And though I called upon God, yea, with strong cries and tears, yet for a long time I had no comfortable answer.

20. For



20. For a long time I was so dejected and confused, that I had no heart to keep a regular account of any thing. In this state I was, when we embarked for *Flanders*, in June 1742, and as long as we staid there. It was on February the 18th, 1743, that we began our march from *Ghent* to *Germany*. When I came to my quarters, my heart was ready to break, thinking I was upon the very brink of hell. We halted six days, and then marched again. The day following, as soon as I had mounted my horse, the love of God was shed abroad in my heart. I knew, God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven all my sins, and felt, *where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty*. This I enjoyed about three weeks, but then lost it, by grieving the holy spirit of God. I then walked about, much cast down, and knew not what to do. But April, 22, the Lord shewed me, that I did not live as became the Gospel of Christ. I was greatly ashamed before God. In the evening as I was walking in the fields with a heavy heart, I prayed earnestly to God, that he would smite the rock, and cause the waters to flow. He answered my prayer. My head was as waters, and my eyes as a fountain of tears. I wept: I sung. I had such a sense of the love of God, as surpasses all description. Well might *Solomon* say, *Love is strong as Death*. Now I saw, I had *aright to the tree of life*: and knew, if I then put off the body, I should enter into life eternal.

21. Feeling I wanted help both from God and man, I wrote to Mr. Wesley: who sent me a speedy answer, as follows:

"It is a great blessing whereof God has already made you a partaker: but if you continue



tinue waiting upon him, you shall see greater things than these. This is only the beginning of the kingdom of heaven which he will set up in your heart. There is yet behind, the fulness of the mind that was in Christ, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. It is but a little thing that men should be against you, while you know God is on your side. If he gives you any companion in the narrow way it is well; and it is well if he does not. So much the more will he teach, and strengthen you by himself; he will instruct you in the secret of your heart. And by and bye, he will raise up, as it were, out of the dust, those who shall say, "Come and let us magnify his name together." But by all means miss no opportunity. Speak and spare not; declare what God has done for your soul: regard not worldly prudence. Be not ashamed of Christ, or of his word, or of his work, or of his servants. Speak the truth in love, even in the midst of a crooked generation; and all things shall work together for good, until the work of God is perfect in your soul."

22. We now marched on through a pleasant country: and my soul was full of peace. I did speak, and not spare, with little interruption. Only at one time, when I was speaking of the goodness of God, one of our Officers, (and one that was accounted a very religious man!) told me, "I deserved to be cut in pieces, and to be given to the Devil." But I was enabled (blessed be God!) to love, pity, and pray for him.

23. After a long and tiresome march, we arrived at *Dettingen*. Here we lay in camp for  
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some time, very near the *French*: only the river *Mayne* ran between us. June 16, I was ordered out on the Grand Guard with all expedition. When we came to the place appointed, I saw many of the *French* army marching on the other side the river. It was not long, before I heard the report of a *French* cannon. I said, "We shall have a battle to-day;" but my comrades did not believe me. Presently I heard another, and then a third; the ball came along by us. Many of the *French* had crossed the river, and many more were in full march toward it. We had orders to return with all speed. The firing increased very fast: and several were killed or wounded, some by the cannon-balls, some by the limbs of the trees which the balls cut off. Mean time we marched on one side of the river; part of the *French* army on the other. The battle was soon joined with small arms, as well as cannon, on both sides. It was very bloody: thousands on each side were sent to their long home. I had no sooner joined the regiment, than my left-hand man was shot dead. I cried to God and said, *In thee have I trusted! Let me never be confounded!* My heart was filled with love, peace, and joy, more than tongue can express. I was in a new world! I could truly say, *Unto you that believe he is precious.* I stood the fire of the enemy seven hours. And when the battle was over, I was sent out with a party of men to find the baggage-waggons, but returned without success. In the mean while the army was gone, and I knew not which way. I went to the field where the battle was fought; but such a scene of human misery, did I never behold! It was  
enough

enough to melt the most obdurate heart. I knew not now, which way to take, being afraid of falling into the hands of the enemy. But as it began to rain hard, I set out, though not knowing where to go; till hearing the beat of a drum, I went toward it, and soon rejoined the army. But I could not find the tent which I belonged to, nor persuade them to take me in, at any other. So being very wet and much fatigued, I wrapt me up in my cloak, and lay down and fell asleep. And though it still rained hard upon me, and the water run under me, I had as sweet a night's rest as ever in my life.

24. We had now to return from *Germany* to *Flanders*, to take up our winter-quarters. In our march we were some time near the river *Mayne*, twenty miles from the field of battle. We saw the dead men lie in the river, and on the bank *as dung for the earth*. Many of the *French*, attempting to pass the river, after we had broken down the bridge, were drowned, and many cast upon the banks, where there was none to bury them.

25. Being in *Ghent*, I went one Sunday morning, to the *English* Church at the usual time. But neither Minister nor people came. As I was walking in the church, two men belonging to the Train came in, *John Evans* and *Pitman Stag*. One of them said, "The people are long in coming." I said, "Yet they think, however they live, of going to heaven when they die. But most of them, I fear, will be sadly disappointed." They stared at me, and asked what I meant? I told them, "Nothing unholy can dwell with a holy God." We had a little more talk, and appointed to meet in the even-



ing. I found *John Evans* a strict Pharisee, *doing justly, and loving mercy*, but knowing nothing of *walking humbly with his God*. But the cry of *Pitman Stag* was, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* We took a room without delay, and met every night, to pray and read the holy Scriptures. In a little time we were as speckled birds, as *men wondered at*. But some began to listen under the window, and soon after desired to meet with us. Our meetings were soon sweeter than our food: and I found therein such an enlargement of soul, and such an increase in spiritual knowledge, that I resolved to go, come life, come death.

26. We had now twelve joined together, several of whom had already found peace with God; the others were earnestly following after it: and it was not long before they attained. Hereby new love and zeal were kindled in us all: and although Satan assaulted us various ways, yet were we enabled to discern all his wiles, and to withstand all his power. Several of them are now safely landed on the blissful shore of a glorious immortality: where, as a weather-beaten bark, worne out with storms, may I at last happily arrive, and find the children whom God has been graciously pleased to give me, through the word of his power.

27. One night, after our meeting, I told the people, We should have the room full, before we left the city. We soon increased to about twenty members. And love increased so, that shame and fear vanished away. Our singing was heard afar off, and we regarded not those who made no account of our labours. Such was the increase of our faith, love and joy in the Holy Ghost,

Ghost, that we had no barren meetings. Such was our love to each other, that even the sight of each other, filled our hearts with divine consolation. And as love increased among us, so did convictions among others; and in a little time we had a Society. So that now (as I had told them before) the room was too small to hold the people.

28 May 1, 1744, we marched from *Ghent*, and encamped near *Brussels*. Our camp lay on the side of a hill: we let up our standing on a hill just opposite. We were easily heard by the soldiers in the camp: who soon began to *fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows*. Here I gathered together my scattered sheep and lambs. They were the joy of my heart, and I trust to find them again, among that *great multitude that no man can number*. Oh what a work did God put into my hands! And who is sufficient for these things? But God had given me such faith, that had I continued steadfast in the grace of God, neither things present, nor things to come, nor any creature, could have hindered my growing in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, unto my dying hour.

29. I took great delight in the eleventh chapter to the *Hebrews*. I read it over and over, and prayed much for faith. This was first in the day, and last at night in my mind: and I had no more doubt of the promises contained therein, than if God had called to me from heaven, and said, "This is my word, and it shall stand for ever." When I began preaching, I did not understand one text in the Bible, so as to speak from it in (what is called) a regular manner, yet I never wanted either

matter or words. So hath God in all ages, *chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty.* I usually had a thousand hearers, Officers, common soldiers and others. Was there ever so great a work before, in so abandoned an army ! But we can only say, there is nothing too hard for God ! He worketh what, and by whom he pleaseth.

30. I was now put to a stand. I had so much duty to do, the Society to take care of, and to preach four or five times a day, that it was more than I could well perform. But God soon took care for this also. I looked for no favour from man : I wanted nothing from man : I feared nothing : God so increased my love and zeal. Light and heat filled my soul, and it was my meat and drink to do the will of my heavenly Father. I cried earnestly to him, to clear my way, and remove all hinderances. Glory be to his name, he did so : for two years after this time, I was entirely at my liberty. I found means of hiring others to do my duty, which proved an unspeakable advantage. The work was great before ; but we soon found a greater increase of it than ever. If Christianity consists in love and obedience to God, and love to all men, friends and enemies, we had now got a christian Society : we had the good land in possession. But this was not enough : still there was an earnest cry in our souls, for all the mind which was in Christ, as there was in David, for *the water of the well of Bethlehem.*

31. Our general method was, as soon as we were settled in any camp, to build a *Tabernacle*, containing two, three, or four rooms, as we saw convenient. One day three Officers came



to see our Chapel, as they called it. They asked many questions: one in particular asked me, what I preached? I answered, "I preach against swearing, whoring and drunkenness, and exhort men to repent of all their sins, that they may not perish." He began swearing horribly, and said, if it was in his power, he would have me whipt to death. I told him, "Sir, you have a commission over men: but I have a commission from God, to tell you, you must either repent of your sins, or perish everlastingly." He went away, and I went on, being never better than when I was preaching or at prayer. For the Lord gave such a blessing to his word, that I thought every discourse lost, under which no one was either convinced or converted to God.

32. We had now three hundred in the Society, and six Preachers, besides myself. It was therefore no wonder, that many of the Officers and Chaplains endeavoured to stop the work. But it was altogether lost labour: he that fitteth in heaven laughed them to scorn. And I doubt not, but he would have given me strength, to have suffered death, rather than have given them up.

33. It was reported by many, that I was utterly distracted. Others endeavoured to incense the Field-Martial against me. I was examined several times; but, blessed be God, he *stood by me*, and encouraged me to go on, to *speak and not hold my peace*; neither did he *suffer any man to set upon me to hurt me*. And so great was my love and joy in believing, that it carried me above all those things, which would otherwise have been grievous to flesh and blood, so that all was pleasant to me:

"The

"The winter's night, and summer's day,  
Fled imperceptibly away."

I frequently walked between twenty and thirty miles a day; and preached five and thirty times, in the space of seven days. So great was my love to God, and to the souls, which he hath purchased with his own blood. Many times I have forgotten to take any refreshment for ten hours together. I had at this time three armies against me; the *French* army, the wicked *English* army, and an army of Devils. But I feared them not; for my *life* was *hid with Christ in God*. He supported me through all: and I trust, will be my God and my guide even unto death.

34. While the work of God thus flourished among the *English*, he visited also the *Hanovarian* army. A few of them began to meet together: and their number daily increased. But they were quickly ordered to meet no more. They were very unwilling to desist. But some of them being severely punished, the rest did not dare to disobey. It is clear, the Devil and the world will suffer any man, to be any thing, but a real Christian!

35. My present comrade was an extremely wicked man. He came home one day, cursing and swearing, that he had lost his money; he searched for it, and after sometime found it. He threw it on the table and said, "There is my ducat: but no thanks to God, any more than to the Devil." I wrote down the words, and complained to our commanding Officer. After a few days he was tried by a court-martial. The Officer asked, what I had to say against him? I gave him

him the words in writing. When he had read them, he asked me, if I was not ashamed to take account of such matters as this? I answered, "No, Sir: if I had heard such words spoken against his Majesty King *George*, would not you have counted me a villain if I had concealed them?" His mouth was stopped, and the man cried for pardon? The Captain told him, he was worthy of death, by the law of God and man: and asked me, "What I desired to have done?" I answered, I desire only to be parted from him, and I hoped he would repent. Orders were given that we should be parted. This also was matter of great thankfulness.

36. From camp we removed to our winter-quarters at *Bruges*. Here we had a lively Society; but our Preaching-room was far too small, to contain the congregation. There was a very spacious place appointed for the public worship of our army, commonly called the *English Church*. General *Sinclair* was now our commanding Officer. I went to his house, and begged leave to speak to him. He told me, if I had business with him, I should have sent my Captain, and not come to him myself. I told him, I had the liberty of speaking to the Duke of *Cumberland*. He then asked me what I wanted? I said, "Please your Honour, I come to beg a great favour; that I may have the use of the *English Church* to pray in, and exhort my comrades to flee from the wrath to come." He was very angry, and told me, I should not preach, or pray any where but in the Barracks. He asked, "But how came *you* to preach?" I said, "The spirit of God constrains me to call my fellow sinners to repentance." He said, "Then  
you



you must restrain that spirit." I told him, "I would die first." He said, "You are in *my* hand," and turned away in a great rage.

37. I cried to the Lord for more Faith, that I might never deny him, whatsoever I was called to suffer; but might own him before men and Devils: and very soon after, God removed this hinderance out of the way: General *Sinclair* was removed from *Bruges*, and General *Ponsonby* took his place. I went to his house, and was without difficulty admitted to his presence. Upon his asking, what I wanted, I said, "I come to beg your Honour will grant us the use of the *English* Church, that we may meet together and worship God." He asked, "What religion are you of?" I answered, "Of the Church of *England*." Then said he, "You shall have it." I went to the Clerk for the keys; but he said, "The Chaplains forbade it, and I should not have them." The General then gave me an order under his hand. So that they were delivered. I fixed up Advertisements in several parts of the town, "Preaching every day at two o'clock, in the *English* Church." And we had every day a numerous congregation, both of soldiers and townsfolk.

38. We had some good singers among us, and one, in particular, who was a Master of Music. It pleased God to make this one great means of drawing many to hear his word. One Sunday, the Clerk gave out a psalm. It was sung in a hymn tune; and sung so well, that the Officers and their wives were quite delighted with it. The Society then agreed, to go all together to Church every Sunday. On the next Sunday we began. And when the Clerk gave

gave out the first line of the psalm, one of us set the tune, and the rest followed him. It was a resemblance of heaven upon earth. Such a company of Christian soldiers singing together, with the spirit and the understanding also, gave such life to the ordinance, that none but the most vicious and abandoned, could remain entirely unaffected.

39. The spring following, we took the field again: and on May 11, 1745; we had a full trial of our faith, at *Fontenoy*. Some days before, one of our brethren standing at his tent door, broke out into raptures of joy, knowing his departure was at hand; and when he went into the battle declared, "I am going to rest in the bosom of Jesus." Indeed this day God was pleased to prove our little flock, and to shew them his mighty power. They shewed such courage and boldness in the fight, as made the Officers, as well as soldiers amazed. When wounded, some cried out, "I am going to my Beloved." Others, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." And many that were not wounded, earnestly desired *to be dissolved and to be with Christ*. When *W. Clements* had his arm broke by a musket-ball, they would have carried him out of the battle. But he said, "No: I have an arm left to hold my sword: I will not go yet." When a second shot broke his other arm he said, "I am as happy as I can be out of paradise." *John Evans* having both his legs taken off by a cannon-ball, was laid across a cannon to die: where, as long as he could speak, he was praising God and blessing him with joyful lips.

40. For my own part, I stood the hottest fire of the enemy, for about seven hours. But I told my

my comrades, "The *French* have no ball made, that will kill me this day." After about seven hours, a cannon ball killed my horse under me. An Officer cried out aloud, "*Haime!* where is your God now?" I answered, "Sir, he his here with me; and he will bring me out of this battle." Presently a cannon ball took off his head. My horse fell upon me, and some cried out, "*Haime* is gone!" But I replied, "He is not gone yet." I soon disengaged myself, and walked on praising God. I was exposed both to the enemy and to our own horse; but that did not discourage me at all: for I knew the God of Jacob was with me. I had a long way to go through all our horse, the balls flying on every side. And all the way, multitudes lay bleeding, groaning, dying, or just dead. Surely I was as in the fiery furnace; but it did not singe a hair of my head. The hotter the battle grew, the more strength was given me. I was as full of joy as I could contain. As I was quitting the field, I met one of our brethren, with a little dish in his hand, seeking water. I did not know him at first, being covered with blood. He smiled and said, "Brother *Haime*, I have got a fore wound." I asked, "Have you got Christ in your heart!" He said, "I have; and I have had him all this day. I have seen many good and glorious days, with much of God. But I never saw more of it than this day. Glory be to God for all his mercies!" Among the dead, there was great plenty of watches, and of gold and silver. One asked me, will not you get something? I answered, "No, I have got Christ. I will have no plunder."



41. But the greatest loss I sustained was that of my fellow-labourers. *William Clements* was sent to the hospital. *John Evans*, brother *Bishop* and *Greenwood*, were killed in the battle. Two others, who used to speak boldly, fell into Antinomianism. So I was left alone: but I was persuaded, this also was for my good. And seeing iniquity so much abound, and the love of many waxing cold, it added wings to my devotion. And my faith grew daily, as a tree planted by the water side.

42. One of those Antinomian Preachers professed to be always happy, but was frequently drunk twice a day. One Sunday, when I was five or six miles off, he took an opportunity of venting his devilish Opinions. One hastened after me, and begged me to return. I did so; but the mischief was done. He had convinced many, that we have nothing to do with the law, either before or after our conversion. When I came in, the people looked greatly confused: I perceived, there was a great rent in the Society, and after preaching and prayer said, "You that are for the old Doctrine, which you have heard from the beginning, follow me." Out of the three hundred I lost about fifty: but the Lord soon gave me fifty more. The two Antinomians set up for themselves, until, lying, drunkenness, and many other sins destroyed both Preachers and people, all but a few that came back to their brethren.

43. We had no Sacrament administered in the army, for a long season. I was greatly troubled, and complained aloud in the open camp of the neglect. The Chaplains were exceedingly displeased. But the Duke of Cumberland hearing  
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of it, ordered that it should be administered every Lord's-Day, to one Regiment, or the other.

44. The Duke hearing many complaints of me, enquired who I was? If I did my duty? If I would fight? And if I prayed for a blessing on the King and his Arms? They told his Royal Highness, I did all this, as well as any man in the regiment. He asked, "Then what have you to say against him." They said, "Why, he prays and preaches so much, that there is no rest for him." Afterwards the Duke talked with me himself, and asked me many questions. He seemed so well satisfied with my answers, that he bade me, "Go on;" and gave out a general order, that I might preach any where, and no man should molest me.

45. I was preaching one day, when the Duke, unknown came to hear me. I, that day, desired the soldiers, never to come there, or to any place of public worship, so as to neglect any duty. I exhorted them to be ready at all calls, and to obey those who had the rule over them: and if called out to battle, to stand fast, yea, if needful, fight up to the knees in blood. I said, "You fight for a good cause, and for a good King, and in defence of your country. And this is no ways contrary to the tenderest conscience, as many of you found at the battle of *Fontenoy*: when both you and I did our duty, and yet were all the time filled with love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

46. I had now for some years endeavoured to keep a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man: and for near three years I had known that God for Christ's sake had forgiven all my sins. I had enjoyed the full assurance of faith, which made me rejoice in all conditions:

conditions: wet and weary, cold and hungry, I was happy; finding a daily increase in faith and love. I had constant communion with the Father and the Son. It was my delight to do his blessed will, to do good to them that hated me, and to call all sinners to *behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world*. But Oh! *how did the mighty fall, and the weapons of war perish!* April 6, 1746, I was off my watch, and fell by a grievous temptation. It came as quick as lightning: I knew not, if I was in my senses, but I fell, and the Spirit of God departed from me. It was a great mercy, that I did not fall into hell! Blessed be God for that word, *If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous*. But it was twenty years before I found him to be an Advocate for me with the Father again.

47. My fall was both gradual and instantaneous. I first grew negligent in watching and prayer, and in reading the Scriptures. I then indulged myself more and more, laying out upon my own appetite, what I before gave to my poor brethren. I next began to indulge the lust of my eyes, to look at and covet pleasing things, till by little and little I became shorn of my strength, *having left my former love*. For many years I had scrupled buying or selling the least thing on the Lord's-Day. The sixth of April was on a Sunday. That day I was at *Antwerp* for forage: several of my comrades desired me to buy them some things, which accordingly I did. I had an inward check, but I over-ruled it, and quickly after, became a prey to the enemy. Instantly my condemnation was so great, that I was on the point of destroying myself: God restrained me from this, but Satan



was let loose, and followed me by day and night. The agony of my mind weighed down my body, and threw me into a bloody flux. I was carried to a hospital, just dropping into hell. But the Lord upheld me with an unseen hand, quivering over the great gulph.

48. Before my fall, my sight was so strong, that I could look stedfastly on the Sun at noon-day. But after it, I could not look a man in the face, nor bear to be in any company. Indeed I thought myself far more fit for the society of Devils than of men: every thing was a burden to me, and grievous to be borne. The roads, the hedges, the trees, every thing seemed cursed of God. Nature appeared void of God, and in the possession of the Devil. The fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, all appeared in a league against me. I had not one ray of hope, but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation. Very frequently Judas was represented to me, as hanging just before me. Had I been cut with knives from head to foot, I could not have been more sore in my flesh, than I was in my spirit. How true is it, *the spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities: but a wounded spirit who can bear?*

49. I clearly saw the unshaken faith, the peace, joy and love which I had cast away, and felt the return of pride, anger, self-will, and every other devilish temper. And I knew by melancholy experience, that my last state was worse than the first. I was one day drawn out into the woods, lamenting my forlorn state: and on a sudden I began to weep bitterly. From weeping, I fell to howling like a wild beast, so that the woods resounded. Yet could I say, notwithstanding my bitter cry, *My stroke is heavier*

*heavier than my groaning.* Nevertheless, I could not say, "Lord have mercy upon me," if I could have purchased heaven thereby.

50. So great was the displeasure of God against me, that he in great measure took away the sight of my eyes. I could not see the Sun for more than eight months: even in the clearest summer-day, it always appeared to me like a mass of blood: at the same time I lost the use of my knees. I cannot describe what I felt. I could truly say, *Thou hast sent fire into my bones.* I was often as hot as if I was burning to death: many times I looked, to see if my clothes were not on fire. I have gone into a river to cool myself: but it was all the same. For what could quench the wrath of his indignation, that was let loose upon me? At other times, in the midst of summer, I have been so cold, that I knew not how to bear it. All the clothes I could put on had no effect, but my flesh shivered, and my very bones quaked. God grant, Reader, that thou and I may never feel how hot or cold it is in hell!

51. I was afraid to pray; for I thought the die was cast, and my damnation sealed. So I thought, it availed not, if all the saints upon earth, and all the angels in heaven should intercede for me. I was angry at God, angry at myself, and angry at the Devil. I thought I was possessed with more Devils than Mary Magdalen. I cannot remember, that I had one comfortable hope, for seven years together. Only while I was preaching to others, my distress was a little abated. But some may enquire, What could move me to preach, while I was in such a forlorn condition? They must ask of God, for what I cannot tell: *his ways herein are past my finding out.*

52. In all my trials, I have, by the grace of God, invariably kept to one point, preaching *repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*: testifying that *by grace ye are saved through faith*: that *now is the day of salvation*; and that this salvation is for all; that Christ *tasted death for every one*. I always testified, that *without holiness no man shall see the Lord*; and that if any, though ever so holy, *draw back*, they will perish everlastingly. I continually expected, this would be my lot: yet after some years, I attempted again to pray. With this, Satan was not well pleased; for one day as I was walking alone, and faintly crying for mercy, suddenly such a hot blast of brimstone flashed in my face, as almost took away my breath. And presently after, as I walked along, an invisible power struck up my heels, and threw me violently upon my face.

53. When we came back to *Holland*, I had now and then a spark of hope. One Sunday I went to church, where the Lord's Supper was to be administered. I had a great desire to partake of it. But the enemy came in like a flood to hinder me, pouring in temptations of every kind. I resisted him with my might, till through the agony of my mind, the blood gushed out at my mouth and nose. However, I was enabled to conquer, and to partake of the blessed elements. So I still waited on God in the way of his judgments, and he led me in a way I had not known.

54. Whatever my inward distress was, I always endeavoured to appear free among the people. And it pleased God to make me fruitful in the land of my affliction. He gave me favour in their sight; and many children were  
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born unto the Lord. Indeed, I could speak but very little *Dutch*, with regard to common things: but when we came to talk of the things of God, I could speak a great deal. And after I had been at prayer, many have told me they could understand almost every word I said. But what was this to me? I was miserable still, having no comfortable sense of the presence and favour of God.

55. I had heard of an old, experienced Christian at *Rotterdam*. I went to see him, and found him in an upper-room, furnished like that which the Shunamite prepared for *Elisha*. He looked at me, but did not speak one word. However I told him a little of my experience. He looked earnestly at me, and began to speak, and tell me all his heart. He said, he had lived for several years, in the favour and love of God, when thinking himself stronger than he was, Satan got an advantage over him. The spirit departed from him; his strength was gone, and he knew not where to fly for refuge. For ten years, sin held him in its iron-bondage, and in inexpressible anguish and despair. But one day, as he was making his complaint to God, on a sudden light broke in: sorrow fled away, and his soul was like *Aminadab*. The change was so great, that he was utterly lost in wonder, love and praise. He knew, God had *created a clean heart, and renewed a right spirit within him*. And he had now lived thirty years, without one doubt of what God had wrought. This gave me a considerable satisfaction: but it lasted only a short time.

56. When we were going for winter-quarters, into a town in *Holland*, I was sent thither before our troop. A Gentleman sent for me, and  
asked,

asked, "If I knew *John Haime*?" I said, "I am the man." He said, "A Gentlewoman in the town wants to speak with you." I went to her house and she bade me welcome. After a little conversation she asked me, "Do you believe that Christ died for all the world?" Upon my answering, "I do;" she replied, "I do not believe one word of it. But as you know, he died for *you*, and I know he died for *me*, we will only talk of his love to poor sinners." We were soon as well acquainted, as if we had lived together many years, and her house became my home. I asked, how many she had in family? She said, seven beside herself. I asked, "What is to become of all these, that you are so easy about them?" She said, "The Lord will call them in his due time, if they belong to him." I asked, "Shall we pray for them?" She said, yes: so I began that evening. In a few days, the servant maid was cut to the heart; next one of her sons was convinced of sin, and soon after converted to God. And before we left the town, the whole family were athirst for salvation. When the time of our marching drew near, she was in great trouble. But there was no help: so we took our leave of each other, to meet no more, till the morning of resurrection.

57. At another time I was quartered at *Meerkirk*, in *Holland*, at a young woman's, whose father and mother were lately dead. She had many cattle, some of which died daily of the distemper; but she never murmured. I never before met with a woman, that was so ready in the Scriptures. I could not mention any text, but she would readily tell the meaning of it. So that it was no wonder, she was thought by others, as well as by herself, to be a prime Christian.

Christian. I was almost of the same mind at first: but when I had narrowly observed her, I was thoroughly convinced, she was deceived, and judged it my duty to undeceive her. I told her, "You are not born of God; you have not living faith." She heard me with much composure of mind; but she did not believe me. I continued for three weeks pressing it upon her, at all opportunities. And one evening, the Lord made a few words which I spoke, sharper than a two-edged sword. Conviction so fastened upon her heart, that she was soon obliged to take her bed. She lay about seven days in deep distress. She then had a comfortable hope; and this strengthened her body for a few days. But then her convictions returned so heavy, that she was obliged to take her bed again, in great agony of mind. The town's people were alarmed, and ran in crouds, to enquire what was the matter? "What could distress *her*, who had enough of the world's wealth, and was so good a woman?" But they gave her no satisfaction. As soon as they were gone, she immediately called for *me*, and cried out, "Oh John! I shall go to hell: the Devil will carry me away." I said, "No! You shall not go to hell! The Lord died for poor sinners." She lay in this distress about ten days, and was brought to the gates of death. But the good Samaritan then passed by, poured wine, and oil into her wounds, and healed both soul and body: so that she broke out, *Jehovah is my strength and my song. He is my salvation! Come all that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.*

58. I now thought, it would be a blessing both to herself and her neighbours, if she would pray with  
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with them. She agreed so to do. I commonly prayed first, and she afterwards. Sometimes she prayed half an hour together; and often with such demonstration of the spirit, as well as such understanding, that the whole house seemed full of the presence of the Lord. At other times she wept like a child, and said, "Lord what is this that thou hast done? Thou hast sent a man from another nation, as an instrument of saving me from ruin! I was rich beofre, and increased in goods, and knew not that I was blind and naked." Many of her friends and neighbours were concerned for her; but not so much as she was concerned for *them*, as well knowing they were seeking death in the error of their life. This she declared to them without reserve; and the publishing this strange doctrine, spread our names far and near, not only through the town, but the adjacent country. This brought many from distant towns to see her, who usually returned, blessing God for the consolation. Some came upwards of twenty miles in a morning. After breakfast, I used to pray first: and she went on. Many of our visitants were much affected and wept bitterly. And the impression did not soon wear off. By this means we became much acquainted with many of the Christians in *Holland*. They were a free, loving people. So we found them: and so did many of the Methodist soldiers: for they gave them house-room and firing freely. And is not the promise of our Lord sure? *Whosoever shall give unto one of these a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward.*

59. All this time I was still buffeted with sore temptations. I thought that I was worse than

than Cain: that I had *crucified the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame*. In rough weather, it was often suggested to me, "This is on *your* account! See, the earth is cursed for *your* sake; and it will be no better till you are in hell. I expected, soon to be a prey for Devils, as I was driven from all the happiness I once enjoyed. Frequently the trouble of my mind made me so weak in body, that it was with the greatest difficulty I performed my exercise. The Lord had indeed given me *a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind. And my life did hang in doubt before me, and I feared day and night, having no assurance of my life*. Often did I wish, I had never been converted; often, that I had never been born. Sometimes I could not bear the sight of a good man without pain: much less be in his company. Yet I preached every day, and endeavoured to appear open and free to my brethren. I encouraged them that were tempted, "Not to fear; the Lord would soon appear for himself." Mean time I continued to thunder out the terrors of the law against the ungodly: although some said, I was *too positive*. Too positive! What? In declaring the promises and threatenings of God? Nay, if I cannot be sure of these, I will say to the Bible, as the Devil did to our Lord, *What have I to do with thee?*

60. At one time, I cannot remember that I had any particular temptation for some weeks. Now, I thought, God had forsaken me, and the Devil had no need to trouble himself about me. He then set the case of *Francis Spira* before me, so that I sunk into black despair. Every thing seemed to make against me. I could not open the Bible any where but it condemned me.

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I was much distressed with dreams and visions of the night. I dreamed one night, that I was in hell; another, that I was on Mount *Etna*, that on a sudden, it shook and trembled exceedingly: and that at last, it split asunder in several places, and sunk into the burning lake, all but that little spot on which I stood. Oh how thankful was I for my preservation! And this continued for awhile, even after I awoke: but then it fled away, as a dream.

61. I was often violently tempted to curse, and swear, and blaspheme, before and after, and even while I was preaching. Sometimes when I was in the midst of the Congregation, I could hardly refrain from laughing aloud, yea, from uttering all kind of ribaldry and filthy conversation. I thought, there was none that loved me now, none that had any concern for my soul, but that God had taken away from every body, the affection, which they once had. I cried out, *I have sinned! What shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am a burden to myself?* I said, *I am the man that hath seen affliction, by the rod of his wrath.* Frequently as I was going to preach, the Devil has set upon me as a lion, telling me, he would have me just then, so that it has thrown me into a cold sweat. In this agony I have caught hold of the Bible and read, *If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous,* I have said to the enemy, "This is the word of God, and thou canst not deny it." Hereat he would be like a man that shrunk back from the thrust of a sword. But he would be at me again. I again met him in the same way, till at last, (blessed be God!) he fled from me. And even in  
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the midst of the sharpest assaults, God gave me just strength enough to bear them. He fulfilled his word, *My grace is sufficient for thee: my strength is made perfect in thy weakness.* When he has strongly suggested, just as I was going to preach, "I will have thee at last." I have answered (sometimes with too much anger) "I will have another out of thy hand first." And many, while I was myself in the deep, were truly convinced and converted to God.

62. When I returned to *England*, and was discharged from the Army, I went to Mr. *Wesley*, and asked, if he would permit me to labour with him, as a travelling Preacher? He was willing: so I immediately went into a Circuit. But this was far from delivering me from that inexpressible burden of soul, under which I still laboured. Hence it was, that I could neither be satisfied with preaching, nor without; and that wherever I went, I was not able to stay long in one place; but was continually wandering to and fro, seeking rest, but finding none. On this account many thought me very unstable, and looked very coldly upon me, as they were wholly unacquainted with the exercises of soul, which I laboured under. I thought if *David* or *Peter* had been living, they would have pitied me. But many of my friends had not even tasted of that bread or water of affliction, which had been my meat and drink for many years. May they walk so humbly and closely with God, that they may never taste it!

63. After I had continued some time as a travelling Preacher, Mr. *Wesley* took me to travel with him. He knew I was fallen from my steadfastness; but he knew likewise how to bear with me. And when I was absent, he

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comforted me by his letters, which were a means, under God, of saving me from utter despair. One of them was as follows :

London, June 21, 1748.

My dear Brother,

“Think it not strange, concerning the fiery trial, which God hath seen good to try you with. Indeed the chastisement, for the present, is not joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless it will by and bye, bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It is good for you to be in the fiery furnace ; though the flesh be weary of it, you shall be purified therein, but not consumed. For there is one with you, whose form is as the Son of God. Oh look up ! Take knowledge of him who spreads underneath you his everlasting arms ! Lean upon him with the whole weight of your soul ; he is yours ; lay hold upon him !

Away let grief, and sighing flee,  
Jesus hath dièd for thee, for thee.

“Mercy and peace shall not forsake you. Through every threatening cloud look up ; and wait for happy days.”

64. In this miserable condition, I went to *Shaftsbury*, to see my friends, and spent several days. When one and another came and asked me, what news ? I told them, “Good news ! Christ died to save sinners.” But it seemed to them as an idle tale ; they *cared for none of these things*. One day being half asleep, I was, as it were, thunder-struck, with an inward voice, saying, “What dost thou here ?” I cried to the  
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Lord for mercy, and gave notice, that on the Sunday following, I would preach in a place at the end of the town, where four ways meet. The town and villages round were soon alarmed, and at the time appointed, I believe there were three or four thousand people. My inward trouble seemed suspended. I got upon a wall about seven feet high, and began with prayer. I then gave out my text, *Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch*, Mal. iv. 1. Surely I preached that sermon, with the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Twelve, if not fourteen were then convinced of sin, some of whom are, I trust, long ago, safely lodged in Abraham's bosom. In a few weeks, fifty persons were joined together in Society. I now preached in a large room several times a week. But the people were eager to build a house, and appointed a time of meeting, to consider of the means: but on that day, I was taken up and put into prison, two men having sworn flatly against me that I had made a riot. After I had been in prison a night and part of a day, I was taken to a public house. It was soon full of people: I immediately began preaching to them; and the lions quickly became lambs. A messenger then came in, to let me know, that I must appear before the Mayor and Aldermen. I did so. The Town-clerk told me, They would not send me to *Dorchester* goal, if I would work a miracle. I told them, "That is done already. Many swearers and drunkards, are become sober, God-fearing men." A Law-



yer said, "Well, if you will take my advice, you shall not go to prison." I replied, "I suppose you mean, if I will give over preaching. But that I dare not do." I was then, without any more ado, hurried away to *Dorchester*.

65. My body was now in prison: but that had been a thing of little consequence, had not my soul remained in prison also; in the dungeon of despair. The Jailor soon came and fell into conversation with me; but when I began to preach Jesus, as the only Saviour of sinners, he quickly left me to preach to my fellow prisoners. Many of these, having no righteousness of their own to bring to God, were willing to hear of being saved *by grace*. So I preached to them several times while I was in prison, and they seemed greatly affected. Mean time God raised up two Quakers at *Shaftsbury*, who became bound for my appearance at the Quarter-Sessions. I had been in prison but eight days, when one of these came to fetch me out, and brought money to pay the prison-fees, and all other expences. Had I not been put in prison, it is likely some of those prisoners would never have heard the gospel. I saw therefore, that God did all things well: Being come back, I began preaching again; and God was present with the people. I soon received a letter from a gentleman at *London*, bidding me employ two Counsellors and an Attorney, and draw upon him for whatever money I wanted. I carried this letter to the Post-master, and asked, if he was willing to let me have money upon it? He said, "Yes, as much as you please." This was soon noised about the town: so the Magistrates were glad to make up the matter. And the  
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work of God so increased, that in a little time, we had eighty in Society.

66. During my great distress of mind, I went twice to *Ireland* as a travelling Preacher: and in each passage over the sea, I was very near being cast away. October 27, 1751, I preached at *Mountmelick*. The next morning, after I had travelled about two miles, suddenly my senses failed me. I was soon insensible where I was, and where I came from. I supported myself a considerable time, by a gate in the road; as I did not know, which way to go, nor what place to ask for. At length my understanding returned, and I began to weep. But what I passed through I cannot express, so unspeakable was my anguish. But the tender mercy of God supported me therein, that my spirit might not fail before him.

67. In the beginning of September, 1766, I was living at *Shaftsbury*, when Mr. *Wesley* passing through in his way to *Cornwall*, I asked, if it would be agreeable for me to be at his house in *London* a few days? He said, "Yes, as long as you please;" but before I set out, I received the following letter. *Done*

St. Ives, Cornwall, Sept. 16, 1766.

My dear Brother,

"I think you have no need to go to *London*. God has, it seems, provided a place for you here. Mr. *Hoskins* wants a worn-out Preacher to live with him, to take care of his family, and to pray with them morning and evening."

I went down. As soon as Mr. *Hoskins* saw me, he said, "You are welcome to stay here as

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long

long as you live." But no sooner did I fix there, than I was, if possible ten times worse than before. In vain I strove to make myself easy: the more I strove, the more miserable I was: not that I wanted any thing which this world can afford. But can this world satisfy a soul, that was made for God? The distress of my mind soon became intolerable: it was a burden too heavy for me to bear. It seemed to me, that unless I got some relief, I must die in despair. One day I retired into the hall, fell on my face, and cried for mercy; but got no answer. I got up, and walked up and down the room, wringing my hands, and crying like to break my heart; begging of God for Christ's sake, if there was any mercy for me, to help me. And blessed be his name, all on a sudden, I found such a change, through my soul and body as is past description. I was afraid I should alarm the whole house with the expressions of my joy. I had a full witness from the Spirit of God, that I should not find that bondage any more. Nor have I ever found it to this day. Glory be to God for all his mercies!

68. But notwithstanding this wonderful change, I had not the faith which I had once. But I found a very great alteration in reading the Scriptures. The promises opened to me more and more: and I expected to find some great thing wrought upon me all at once. But God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. He led me by a way I had not known. He greatly deepened his work in my soul, and drove out his enemies by little and little, till I could clearly say, "Thy will be done." The lion became a lamb, and I found the truth of that word by happy experience,

*Thou*



*Thou wilt keep his soul in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.*

69. I now thought, I would stay with Mr. *Hoskins*; for he was very kind to me. But I soon began to be so bound in spirit, that I could hardly pray in the family: nay, I could not ask a blessing on our food, without much hesitation and stammering. And all the comforts of life, which were then in great plenty, became altogether comfortless. Mr. *Story* being then in the Round, I made my complaint to him. He told me, he would take my place for a month, if I would spend that time in the Circuit. This I gladly undertook: and although for the space of three weeks, my coat was not once dry upon my back, yet I was warmer within, and far more comfortable than in the warm parlour.

70. When Mr. *Story* was gone, I thought I would stay here a few days, and then travel. But the first night I was as restless as ever: so in the morning I took my leave, and in *Jan.* 1767, went into the East of *Cornwall*. I found it was good for me to be there: my faith increased daily. And, blessed be God, I found love and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, springing up in my soul. I trust God will continue them to my dying day, and then receive me to himself.

71. I had long been travelling in the wilderness, in a land of deserts and pits, a land of draught and of the shadow of death. This had been my lot for twenty years, a just judgment of the Almighty for my sin. Blessed be his name, that he did not wholly cast me off! But I saw clearly nothing would avail, but a fresh application of the Saviour's blood to my wounded soul. I had now a happy sense of this: which  
with

with the thoughts of his forbearing twenty years before my conversion, his filling me with his love for three years, his dealings with me in my fallen condition, and my present deliverance, caused my soul to overflow with wonder and praise for his long-suffering goodness. I saw nothing was too hard for God? I could cast myself on the Lord Jesus! All the promises in the Scriptures were full of comfort; particularly that; *I have known thee in the furnace of affliction.* The Scriptures were all precious to my soul, as the rain to the thirsty land. And when Satan assaulted me afresh, I did not stand to reason with him, but fled to the Lord Jesus for refuge. Hereby the snare was soon broken, and I found an increase both of faith, hope, and love. I could now truly say, *The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore shall I lack nothing. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*

72. It was not my intention ever to write any account of these things, had not some of my friends greatly pressed me thereto. Nevertheless I put off from time to time, being conscious I had no talent for writing, until my peace was well nigh lost: at last I was prevailed upon to begin. I had not wrote many lines, before I found my soul in perfect peace. I found myself likewise greatly assisted, to recollect the manifold dealings of God with me: so that I have the greatest reason to believe, it is his will I should make known, even by these instances of his goodness, that he is *long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come*  
to

*to repentance.* May he bless the feeble attempt to the good of many! May they learn wisdom by the things that—I have suffered! And be all the glory ascribed unto him that *sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever!*

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*A Short Account of his Death by Mr. G. Story.*

ON the 18th of August, died *John Haime*, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. For more than a twelvemonth past, his health was visibly upon the decline: but although a hectic fever was continually increasing, and wearing him to skin and bone, yet his zeal for God, and concern for the salvation of souls, abated not in the least. He preached as long as he was able to speak and longer than he could stand without support.

The Sunday before his death he requested the Society to attend him in his own room: and for several minutes powerfully and affectionately exhorted them to persevere to the end, in that faith which worketh by love, and purifieth the heart.

The morning he died, in attempting to get out of bed, he fell down, and was much hurt; which occasioned violent pain. In about two hours after, the pain being a little abated, he desired to be raised up in bed; and after shaking hands with five or six friends who were with him, he prayed for the divine blessing upon them separately: next for the church in general, and lastly for the little flock over which he had  
long



long been Overseer. He then leaned back in bed; and although the pain was not so intense, yet there were evident tokens of his approaching dissolution. His strength gradually decreased, and his sight and speech in great measure failed. Yet he frequently broke out in prayer, in these and such like sentences: "O Lord, in thee have I trusted, and have not been confounded. In thee do I *now* trust, let me *never* be confounded. Salvation is of the Lord. I have nothing to bring, to offer unto the Lord, but, God be merciful to me a sinner! When my soul departs this body, a convoy of angels will conduct me to the paradise of God." His last prayer, that could be understood, was to this effect; "O almighty God, who dwellest in light which no mortal can approach, and where no unclean thing can enter, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts: grant us continually, sweet peace, quietness, and assurance of thy favour!" About an hour before his death he was heard to say, "This is a good way! O that all may tread this path in the important hour!" Presently after he departed so quietly, that it was scarce perceivable when he drew his last breath.

GEORGE STORY.

Whitchurch, Sept. 1, 1784.

F I N I S.







